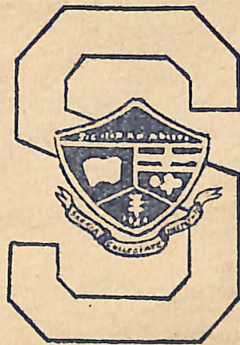




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The Collegiate

SARNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, - SARNIA, ONTARIO

Spring, 1915

VOL. I

NO. 2

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A QUARTERLY PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF

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In appreciation of the kind and invaluable assistance of our esteemed Consulting Editor, Miss Muriel G. Oakley, in producing *The Collegiate*, to her we respectfully dedicate this issue.

Greeting :

Producing Our First Edition

The great success and popularity of our first issue, students, was due to the wonderful cooperation and harmony of every person who had anything to do with it and we want you to understand how important this is to the welfare of any project and especially a school organ. It was only through the united efforts of our staff, printers, advertisers and **you** that we set a record by producing *The Collegiate* in **one week's time**. Do you realize that one week and three days after beginning to get advertisements and material *The Collegiate* was being sold in the school and at news stands? It required **one week of incessant labor to compose the edition and three days to print it**.

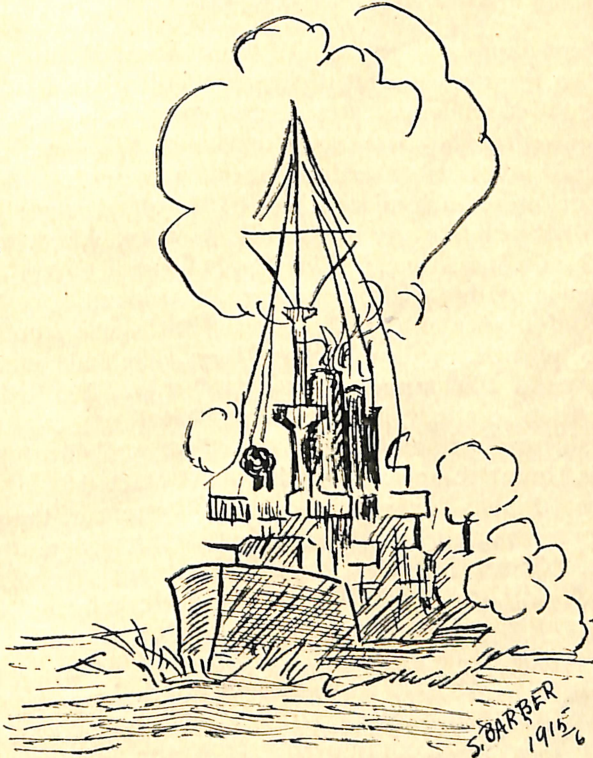
In the first place our editors and correspondents received their "assignments," the work being equally divided to save time, and wrote their "copy;" secondly, it was handed in to the editor-in-chief and all arranged in "departments;" next it was read and corrected by the editor, often requiring recopying by the stenographers; the fourth act was to send all rhetoric copy to the consulting editor for approval; fifthly, the copy was again returned to the editor for "composition;" then, the editor arranged departments in order and assigned proper spaces to each separate article in the "dummy;" the seventh stage, was the handing in of advertising copy by the advertising managers and then the arrangement of spaces had to be made; the book was next turned over to the printer to be "set up" in type and "proofed;" the "proofs" were then given to the editor and associate editor to be read and corrected for errors; the "cuts" were next received from the engravers after a delay of three days and were set up in the "form;" the eleventh act, was the printing, drying, binding, cutting and counting of the books; the twelfth, the books were put on sale and, thirteenth, you read one of them and expressed your opinion as "think it a good book and a good thing for the school."

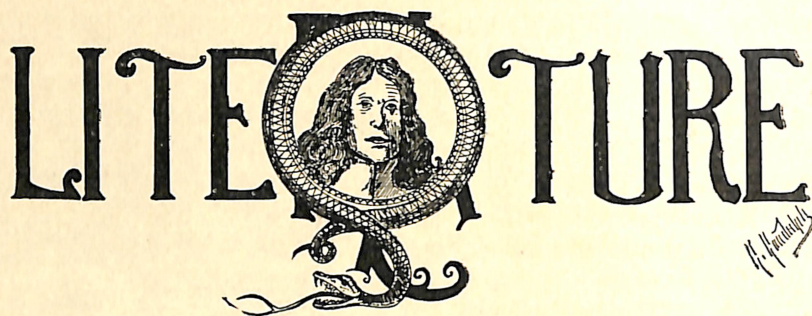
When you read it did you think that the above thirteen acts were done in ten days? Now do you realize what the staff and printers have done for you? Mr. Whitcombe and Mr. Sloane of the Frontier Press worked unceasingly to get that edition out for you before vacation, sometimes standing at the presses until three or four o'clock in the morning. It was this that allowed you to purchase a copy on the last day of school, and we appre-

ciate the printers' efforts. Miss Oakley very kindly aided us much also and we certainly wish to thank her. Last but not least, we thank you for your support and hope you enjoyed reading our production. We wish to call especial attention to the excellent printing and very few mistakes in both issues. We hope you will compare The Collegiate with other school organs for we know their relative merits and want you to.

Do your share of the work and The Collegiate will continue its progress.

—THE EDITOR.





THE COMING OF "PINKEY" WYNN

(First of a Series of "Pinkey" Wynn Stories)

(By a Student)

As Bartholomew Percival Wynn marauded up the walk which led to the main portal of Eugene Collegiate Institute, he was conscious that many pairs of eyes were upon him. Moreover he knew that they were girls' eyes, but this fact, if appearances counted, did not bother him much. He dug his hands deep into the pockets of a loud checkered pair of trousers, gave his little gray hat a quick tilt to the side of a curly red head, and piped forth in a loud tone. "The Maple Leaf Forever."

On reaching the arc of the door, he stopped abruptly, and looked into the faces of a small crowd of girls who stood staring at him, as he afterwards expressed it,—“Like kids watching a monkey cage at Barnum's.” The entrance was blocked and he perceived that it might be necessary to call attention to that fact. He shifted from one foot to the other, smiled a little, then cleared his throat to speak,—but he never started.

“Hello, “Pinkey,” cried a voice from the rear of the group.

The name caused him to catch his breath and mutter in an undertone, “Great Caesar's Ghost! She means the pink spots on my tie.” His face flushed the color of his hair, and he made a dive to get through the door, amid an outburst of tittering and giggling.

Gaining the interior, he took four quick leaps up the hall stairs and stood for a moment to throw off the embarrassed expression, which he knew must exist from the burning sensation at his ears. He looked along the main hall——Great Caesar, the girls were not the only curious ones at Eugene C. I. The corridor was crowded with boys, big, small and all sizes, staring at him from all angles—What was the meaning of it? To be

sure, he came from the country and perhaps his dress was a little odd, but what in thunder were they staring at?

A big fellow pushed his way to the front of the crowd and advanced with his hand extended.

"Welcome Wynn, old man, we looked for you at the station but didn't see you. How's the arm?"

Wynn looked puzzled for a moment. What did this fellow mean? How did he know his name? Seeing the looks of the crowd, he cracked a sheepish grin, and answered.

"Why it's—er—er—all right, I guess."

"Good," came the answer. Does your knee bother you now?"

"Why —er—er Ah! hem! No, no, not now," hastily.

"We saw by the paper you hurt it early in the season."

"Yes, fell out of the hay-rack you know."

"A hay-rack?—Thought you hurt it in the box?"

"The box"—thought Wynn, scratching his head. "What did he mean."—"Oh, yes, yes, sure! I hurt it in the box, too, but say, say,"—shifting nervously, "I'd better see the principal."

"Sure," replied the other. "Come on. You'll meet all the fellows later." They moved along the hall elbowing their way through the crowd.

"The fellows are a good bunch, Wynn, and they support their ball teams, you bet. You're their hero. They know you can lick Maldon for us" exclaimed the big fellow in a laughing tone.

Wynn was silent. He looked at his companion and pinched himself to see if he was awake. He dared not ask this stranger's name; the thing had gone far enough now, too far in fact. He knew that he must be taken for someone else who was concerned in base ball, a sport he knew nothing about, but he couldn't get up an ounce of nerve to burst forth with the declaration. He couldn't, just couldn't!

"Here we are," said the big fellow, stopping before a closed door. "Go in and see him—I'll wait for you" He opened the door and it was up to Wynn to enter.

An elderly gentleman looked up from his books with a frown as Wynn approached slowly to the desk. He gulped hard and determined to let this man know his trouble. "I'm Wynn—Bartholomew Percival Wynn. Came to Eugene to get my matriculation this summer. Evidently I've been mistak—"

"They call you 'Pinkey' do they not?" interrupted the man leaning back in his chair. Wynn grasped his tie in confusion

and astonishment. How did he know the name so recently attached to him? He perceived a smile playing at the corners of the principal's mouth and he lost his desire to make his real identity known, for he feared he wouldn't be believed.

"I guess they do," he grinned.

"You play base ball, so I understand," asked the man, "what position?"

Wynn reflected a moment. There were no positions in marbles. He didn't know the names of any in foot ball. In hockey—Rover!—he grasped at it like a straw in the sea.

"Rover," he exclaimed.

The principal sat silent a moment, then the smile reappeared, on his countenance—"Pitcher you say. It's a good position. Now, I have received your father's letter, Percival. Go into form middle four. I will be in to see you in about half an hour.

Wynn gasped a sigh of relief and bowed himself from the room. He wondered after he closed the door, if he really heard a laugh from within. It sounded a lot like it.

II.

Wynn wouldn't have gone through that afternoon's school again for a hundred dollars (and that was an awful amount of money to him). Everyone had stared in his direction 'till he be-

**FOLLOW ME AND
WIN A DOLLAR**



came a little peeved. His mind was puzzled and he didn't know a thing any teacher had said, during the four spaces. Now that school was out he thought it possible to make his escape, but the big fellow appeared on the scene and told him to come down to the training quarters, and get a uniform. Wynn could do nothing but accept, and plod down the steps behind the fellow whom he had learned, from a small boy, to be Captain Cockshutt of the Eugene nine.

After meeting coach Ben Darby and the rest of the team, he was introduced to "Buck" Anderson, the injured first pitcher of the team who seemed, to Pinkey, to be a fine fellow. His new acquaintance threw the first light on the subject of Wynn's predicament by explaining how his wrist had been broken while at bat, in the last game before the championship encounter with Maldon Collegiate Institute. From this and other tips he learned

that Coach Ben, hearing of the great work of a certain "Pinkey" Wynn in the Baldwin City League, and being unable to depend on Gardener, Eugene's second pitcher had wired him terms to come and finish out the school year, which were accepted.

It was all plain to Wynn now. He was mistaken for the wizard, "Pinkey" Wynn, and it was not the pink spots on his tie which had given him the name. This, at least, was some consolation.

"Hop into your suit, Wynn, and come out, we have got to see you work a couple of innings," called the coach from the end of the shower room.

"Sure, I have to see what you have on the ball, you know," piper Charner, the first catcher, as he came up to the supposed pitching marvel. "By the way, 'Pinkey,' I have never heard what your favorite ball is. What do you depend on mostly?"

Wynn saw that he was up a tree again. He didn't know what the different kinds of delivery were any more than he knew why he had let himself get into the tangle he was now in. Why hadn't he learned something about base ball? He called himself all kinds of names, and tried to collect his thoughts in order to give a half-decent answer.

"Why I err—err use no special kind," he replied slowly. "Throw them all, none better than the other."—"You'll see soon enough," he added under his breath."

"All of them good though," retorted the catcher, laughing, and walking away.

Wynn saw there was nothing to do but get into that uniform lying on the floor, and so he commenced, wondering all the while, how he was going to get out of doing some pitching when he did get into the suit.

III.

An hour later, "Pinkey" Wynn lay stretched on his bed in his boarding house, alone. Captain Cockshutt and the doctor had just left him there. When he was sure they were out of the house, he got up and moved quickly to the window. Down on the road he saw the conveyance, which had brought him home spinning away in a cloud of dust. Wiping the perspiration off his face, he sank with a thud into a chair, uttering his favorite ejaculation as he did so. "Great Caesar's Ghost!"

"Pinkey" Wynn had reached his boarding house and, so far, all was well. He had escaped going in to pitch against the "subs" by being suddenly stricken with an awful headache, which he had told Cockshutt was often followed by "fits." The

coach had immediately called an auto and here he was, at home and alone. What should he do? He began pacing the floor, allowing his thoughts to soar far away from the room. What in thunder had become of the real "Pinkey" Wynn who was supposed to be in Eugene now? It was a puzzler. Would he escape or face the music? Gad! he couldn't do the latter. He must get out of Eugene and the sooner the better. He thought for a moment, then his face brightened up, for the first time in hours. He would catch the 8:30 train for home in the morning. The effect of this suggestion brought the first smile to his face since a year ago, it seemed to him. He would notify the landlady to get him an early breakfast.—No, it might put them on their guard. He'd sneak out early in the morning, and then Eugene Collegiate Institute could fish for a pitcher, for all he cared.

The next morning he got up early, packed his grip and stole softly down the stairs. With his hand on the front door knob he was startled to hear voices outside. The electric bell rang and he heard a scurry at the back of the house. With a bound he leaped up the stairs and ran to his room, where he stopped to listen. The people entered the house and he heard the voice of Mrs. Scott directing them upstairs. The voices grew nearer and nearer and he resolved to stay in his room until all was safe again. He perceived that footsteps were coming down the hall toward him. He held his breath! Outside the door two people stopped and began to speak. Wynn felt a thrill run through him for he recognized the voices of Darby and Cockshutt.

"I hope the old boy is all right," came from the coach.

"Oh, I know Pinkey Wynn's reputation," was the answer. "He was never known to let sickness keep him out of a game."

"Perhaps he's asleep, so go in easy."

The door knob rattled. Wynn hurled his suit case into the corner and fell onto the bed, as Cockshutt and the coach of the Eugene base ball team walked into the room. The thought flashed through Wynn's mind—"The jig's up. They'll make me miss the train! Gad; I'm in for a 'dilly' time."

IV.

The grand stands were crowded. On one side the blue and white of Eugene blazed forth, on the other the black and red of Maldon was seen. "Pinkey" Wynn had never seen such a throng of faces before, except at Barnum's. When the crowd on the right side of the field caught sight of him, there was a great cheer,

the like of which he had never heard before. He flushed red and stood still, gazing at the mass of yelling students.

"Take off your cap," yelled Cockshutt, with a laugh, but Wynn couldn't move a finger for a full moment. Finally, he realized it was the only way to stop the clamor, and he doffed his cap with the desired effect.

Darby tossed a ball and glove to him and told him to "warm up" with Gardener and Charner. Wynn didn't know what to do but try to carry out the order. Beneath the front of the grandstand the second pitcher and the catcher separated, and a thousand eyes were on "Pinkey" Wynn the "speed-marvey" as he took his position near Gardener to warm up. His first act was to make an ungraceful dive after the ball thrown by Charner, which he missed by two yards. The students, began to laugh, and started passing the word around that "Pinkey" Wynn was full of fun, "A regular clown but a great pitcher," some said. Among the voices he heard one over the rest which called, "Hello Pinkey!" He turned and looked up into the smiling face of the girl who had first called him by that name when he had arrived at Eugene. He frowned, turned again to Charner and yelled,

**FOLLOW ME AND
WIN A DOLLAR**



"Throw them on the ground. I've got a sore hand." The catcher nodded and proceeded to do so.

For five or ten minutes the two pitchers, at least one pitcher and "Pinkey" Wynn, threw the ball to the big catcher, the former increasing his speed, and curving the ball as time went on, the latter always lobbing the same kind of a ball. When these antics had gone on for some time Darby summoned the three to the bench.

"Why didn't you put something on the pill?" growled Charner as they walked in. "The crowd doesn't like that."

"Never throw them hard before a game," replied Wynn in a far off, unnatural voice.

He reached the bench and drew on a sweater, which Darby handed him. He sat silent, and let his eyes turn to the opposite side of the field, where the big Maldon pitcher, was throwing the ball with such speed that it sounded like the report of a gun when it hit the catcher's mitt. Wynn gasped with astonishment

and tried to steady his knees but they would not mind. He started again. Great Caesar! what speed. How would he compare with that fellow over there? Cold drops of perspiration oozed out all over him and he sat still, scared to move, looking out over the sea of faces but seeing no one.

Suddenly he heard the voice of Darby calling him. He got up unsteadily. The coach grabbed him by the arm and whispered, "We won the toss and get our outs. Get out there and do your best, if you ever did it." He gave Wynn's arm a pinch and was gone.

The players were in their places as "Pinkey" Wynn walked slowly out to the box. He saw Charner adjusting his protector and mask, saw the crowd, heard it yell and cheer, then grow still and quiet. He picked up the ball, saw the umpire square himself behind Charner, and heard him shout "play ball."

Wynn looked at the grinning batter, then at the crowd. His arm dropped and he stood still.

Suddenly the throng was electrified. "Pinkey" Wynn, the great dean of amateur pitchers threw the ball on the ground, turned and fled as fast as he could across the field in the direction of the centre garden.

Across the clay paths and out on to the green turf he sped, throwing soil from his cleated shoes in all directions. On and on he ran as no one tried to stop him. Every person in the park was staring at the fleeing figure and not a sound disturbed the stillness. With one leap the lad forced his way to the top of the fence, and after a body had lunged itself into the air and disappeared behind the wall of boards, all was as before except for the fact that "Pinkey" Wynn, wizard pitcher, had vacated the box.

In the commotion that followed, the crowd surged onto the field. Darby and Cockshutt were surrounded and fairly stormed with yells and questions, but neither could say a word. The coach, enraged and furious, paced up and down, while Cockshutt stood staring at the spot where "Pinkey" Wynn was last seen.

A messenger boy pushed his way up to the coach and placed a telegram in his hands which was torn open in a second. Darby in a harsh voice turned to the players on the bench and read:

"Was on my way to Eugene. Wired to return. Father dangerously ill. Sorry.

(Signed) PINKEY WYNN."

A moment later, an urchin thrust into the hands of Cock-

shutt a white piece of paper, as he explained that he had been given it by an excited fellow and directed to give it to the captain. Cockshutt unfolded it and read aloud:

"I guess you fellows made a little mistake. I'm Wynn, all right, but never "Pinkey" until I came here. I never saw a base ball in my life before. Hope you beat Maldon.

(Signed) B. P. WYNN."

Just Smile

(By a Student)

If you hear the school's defeated in a game of basket ball,
If you're sent down to the office for just loitering in the hall,
If sometime in a hurry you may miss a step and fall,
Don't spend your time in crying—Why just smile and smile,
that's all.

When you work five hours on Latin and then find it isn't
right,
When you have a pile of homework which will take you half
the night,
When the science that you've finished is all blurred and
looks a sight,
Don't waste your time in whining—But just smile with all
your might.

When you find that near the final day you cannot pass the
test,
When your drawing, done so careful', is not equal to the rest,
When you're told to stay in after four and study by request,
Don't lose your time repining—Why just smile your very
'best.

If you go to school on Monday and you feel just awful blue,
And you find by being gloomy you are spoiling others, too,
And when everything goes wrong and you don't know what
to do,
Why just smile and keep on smiling 'till they all smile back
at you.

If from morning, noon 'till night you do your best to smile,
If you find that once you've started you can keep it up a while,
If you can persuade the others that it's going to be the style,
Loosen up your face a little and just smile, smile, smile.

THE MYSTERY OF GULL LAKE

(By Douglas Bell)

I stood on the big white veranda puffing easily a long, long black cigar. The household had all retired and only the light in my den remained burning. I had read for several hours, but tiring of the dry philosophy, I had stepped out of the den, which was filled with cigar smoke, to breathe the pure, cool night air of the mountains. The night was enchanting, cool and clear. The moon beamed down with all her silver magic on the deserted lawns, drives and gardens. I felt a thrill of pleasure and repose and began to reflect on some other pleasant nights like this. In this mood I sauntered down the veranda steps and down the terraces towards the dark main driveway.

But I was forgetting—as usual I begin in the middle of a story without even introducing myself. Well, to begin with, I am Harold Benton Walters of New York. One might term me a gentleman of leisure. True—I am that but in my heart I am an amateur detective; and if I ever have to choose a means of making a living—a detective job will be my choice. Not that I have been a grand success. Oh, no, on the contrary, I've been a failure and a great bother to real accomplished 'tects. So much for myself.

The winter and spring had been most tedious in the city. I had never passed a drearier season anywhere, and with May and summer I desired a change. I wished to get away to the country, to the mountains, to solitude. I hunted far and wide to find the place I wanted and failed. Then, one day, I read by chance in the Herald of a place which just suited. I lost no time in applying for it and, although I paid a fabulous price, I felt satisfied. I immediately packed and accompanied by my friend Johnson Burroughs, set out for Blomerton and my summer home. I took only a few house servants including, of course, my old butler, Oxwich.

So that is how I found myself strolling aimlessly down the terrace of Hillcrest House on this beautiful June night I have described. As I entered the shadows of the drive, the clock in the hall of the house boomed one and I turned, rather surprised at the lateness of the hour. My turning was an involuntary act, but I never shall forget the picture of the great white house on the hill bathed in the glorious silver of the moon. It was so beautiful that I stood and gazed for some half hour at this marvelous, exquisite piece of architecture. Then I sauntered on, up

one path and own another, inhaling deeply the delightful air laden with the perfume of Oriental roses. So greatly did I enjoy my walk that I had no regard for the passage of time and an hour or more may have elapsed before I returned once more to the house. The moon had been sinking lower and now had disappeared behind a bank of clouds, but it still cast a beautiful silver gray over the sky. What was that peculiar sound? I stopped still and listened. It was a low, whirring sound which every minute was growing nearer and was increasing in volume. I emerged from the shadows of the drive and looked around. Nothing was to be seen. Then I realized where the noise was coming from, and scanned the shining heavens. And there it was! There, almost overhead was the silhouette of a biplane traveling at a high rate of speed!

Now the sight of an aeroplane at night isn't so very extraordinary, although it's not just an everyday occurrence. So although I watched it curiously I had no premonition of evil about the machine—that is, not then. I watched it a moment, then

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proceeded towards the house. But I did not go far, for suddenly the motor stopped abruptly and as I turned I saw the machine gliding down into the pines on the slope of the mountain to the east. Was this a disaster or an ordinary landing. The biplane's motions did not suggest a disaster, but then I did not know that anyone over there owned an aeroplane. Indeed, at first I wondered who lived over there anyway. It was too late for sleep now, and so I sat and watched for the machine to rise again but it did not. Soon it was dawn and Oxwich came running down stairs to find me. I greeted him as he came on the veranda.

"Well, Oxwich, I suppose you've been wondering if I was kidnapped, seeing my bed unused?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It rather shocked me sir, Mr. Burroughs is coming down, too."

"Good," I said, rising and making for the breakfast room."

"But come, I'll have some breakfast, please, I'm hungry as a bear. Tell Mr. Burroughs to come right in and please don't interrupt, I'll ring for you."

"Yes, sir," he said, bowing himself from the room. A few

minutes later Johnson entered, clad hastily in his riding habit.

"Oh, here you are, eh?" he said rather crossly. "Thought you were lost and pulled myself out of bed at this hour to find you—in the breakfast room."

"Why," I said, "I was just enjoying a midnight stroll in the grounds—you missed it."

"Humph," he ejaculated. "Where's the sport in sticking up all night in a garden full of heavy Turkish roses? That's not much to miss."

"Come, come," I laughed, "You don't appreciate my roses and gardens. But say, old chap, what would you say to a biplane flying around here between three and four this morning, eh?"

This rather startled him and I told him all about the early visitor. "And she lit?" he queried.

"Right over"—then I paused reached to a shelf, took down a guide and found a map of the locality. I studied it a minute then finished—"about here." Looking through the French window I pointed out the landmarks on Bluestone mountain (where the aeroplane had gone down) and then the point on the map and found to my surprise that at that point where I thought I had last seen the visitor was a little lake called Gull Lake.

My detective instinct now began to work and in my imagination I worked up a peculiar case. It dawned on my mind that there was something criminal about that biplane. If only something would come up now that would give me reason to suspect a crime I would go wild with joy. And that something soon came, although it may seem altogether disconnected from aeroplanes. I rang for Oxwich and he brought breakfast and an extra edition of the Blomerton World, which told us a strange tale. Early that morning the peaceful village had been aroused by a girl riding into town from Westbourne Slope at breakneck speed. Now Westbourne Slope was west of Hillcrest House and it was from that direction that the biplane had come. The girl informed the mayor that her master, James Hutton, alias James Gerard had been mysteriously murdered and robbed during the early hours of the morning. She had found the body, but there were absolutely no traces of the murderers to be found. She also explained to the mayor that James Hutton was none other than the great financier whom all the world had read of, but none had ever seen. He had controlled the market by wireless because he feared that some person whom he might ruin would take revenge on him. When I had finished reading this, I asked

Johnson what he thought of it, but his detective instincts were poor and he could only see a mysterious murder while I connected the murder and the flight into a most fascinating case. He was greatly surprised and almost thought me foolish when I told him I intended to go to Gull Lake at once.

* * * * *

The motor car which we had taken approached the lake. Leaving the car some distance off, we proceeded on foot to the shore. The lake was glittering in the sunlight, but there was not a spot on its clear blue surface. For some time we walked through the adjacent woods but found no trace of aeroplanes. Again we came down to the shore. Still the surface was unmarred, but now across it came the noise of a very powerful motor going at a terrific speed. Evidently the motor was in a big boathouse across the lake and we began to walk in that direction.

"Halt!" This command rather surprised us and we looked up to be faced by a man with a rifle. The lawyer whom we had got in the village was the first to recover himself.

"Where's your permit for those arms my man? What do you mean? You're no constable or soldier, either—explain."

For answer the guard showed a badge on his breast. The lawyer looked dumfounded, but managed to say, "We wish to go over and see what's in the boathouse."

"Your pass, please," said the guard.

"Pass," I exclaimed. "What's this, can't we see the boathouse?"

"Not without Mr. Warren's order," replied the guard coolly.

"Mr. Warren," I ejaculated. "Who's he?"

In reply, "Mr. John Kerrigan Warren of New York."

I gasped. All the world knew John Kerrigan Warren, the coal magnate. At least so he was called, but those in business knew that there was no more underhanded or dangerous man to deal with in all America. He was just the type of bully of the market that Hutton wished to ruin but feared to act openly with because of the desperate character of the man. This might have been a clue but I knew the markets thoroughly and knew that at no time had Hutton or Warren seriously clashed.

Turning again to the guard, I queried, "What kind of a motor have you over there if you don't mind telling me."

Without hesitation he replied, "It's in Mr. Warren's speed launch the 'Gull.'"

"Oh!" I said. "Then gentlemen, we might as well go up and see Mr. Warren."

"Excuse me sir," interposed the guard, "but you'll have to leave these premises, sir."

We argued freely but it was in vain, and we found ourselves ruled through the big stone gate with a rifle at our backs. At the suggestion of the lawyer we crossed a strip of woods to a pretty little chalet to inquire about the motor. But we only learned that they heard it often, last night about 11.30 for once, but had never seen it. So we returned to Hillcrest nonplussed.

* * * * *

That afternoon Johnson and I were strolling back towards Hutton's home from the lake about five o'clock..

"Well, Barry," I was saying, "this afternoon's investigations have shown only one thing—that so far as the human eye can tell the murderers used the lake to make their escape and it looks as if they came that way, too. But all around the shore there are no other marks except the footsteps from the house to the water. It is most baffling. Tonight we'll have a thorough look at the room of the murder before the police arrive in the morning from Washington."

But supper was eaten and we spent the evening on the veranda of Westbourne Manor. Johnson had forgotten our purpose and wished to start back home when I reminded him again of the room. It was then after ten but we called the girl and were conducted to the scene of the murder. There in the center of the library floor lay the body. All the carpet was bloodstained and a hearth rug was all crumpled up near at hand. The safe was open and many papers lay in front of it. For sometime we searched but nothing of importance met our notice. Johnson was for giving up. I was still busy. Impatiently he kicked the hearth rug. And there—there lay a gold watch!! I picked it up looked to see if it was Hutton's—no, his was in his pocket. I opened it—there in the case was a photograph of a very beautiful society woman.

I looked at Johnson and he at me. Both of our faces wore puzzled expressions. Where had I seen that face before; whose was it? Oh! I knew, but could not recollect, Johnson was ditto. We sat down on a davenport and thought and thought, but the more we thought the worse our predicament. Then in the midst of the tense silence I heard a noise. It was familiar—I recog-

nized it. Whirrrrr came the noise of the motors of an aeroplane from the east. Nearer, nearer. Without knowing it I reached and turned out the lights. The motors were whirring loudly, stopped nearby. We crept back behind a screen. The room was filled with moonlight and all was clear as day. The minutes passed slowly. Our hearts beat like triphammers. Creak, creak, it was the vines over the French window. Someone was climbing them. The strain became greater, something must explode and destroy this awful suspense. I was all unnerved. Then suddenly a white hand rested on the sill and the face of a man peered into the room.

Johnson drew a sharp breath and whispered in my ear in a voice that was strange and far away, "It's Warren!"

(To be continued in our next issue)

The editors of The Collegiate have awarded the short story prize for the spring number to the author of this story.

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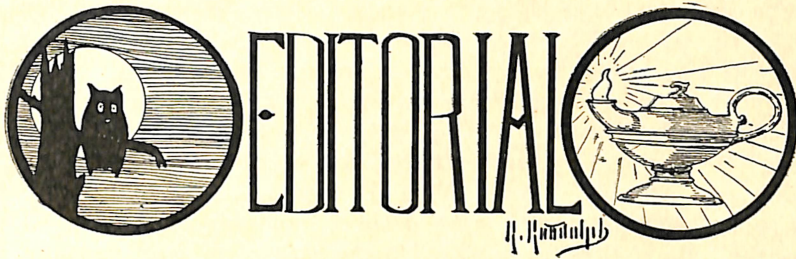
SEE NEXT PAGE

Amateur Authors :

ATTENTION!

The Collegiate wishes to secure short stories, similar to the ones in this edition, for every issue, and it is up to you to supply them. As an inducement, the business managers will pay *one dollar in cash* to the students whose stories appear in The Collegiate. ¶ Whether you have had experience or not, try your hand at writing *now* and hand the result to one of our editors. If you do not want your name published, it will be kept confidential. *Help us make this book interesting.* : : : :

**Remember that Dollar
OFFERED FOR EACH STORY**



The Staff of The Collegiate is sorry for the long delay in getting out the Spring number. However, we are confident that you will believe us when we say that we tried to get out the book as soon as possible, but many unseen obstacles were run into, which held us back. We hope that after the long wait you have had that you may enjoy this issue of the Collegiate. It may not be possible to get out another issue before vacation, on account of the difficulty in securing "ads." We will begin right away on the new issue, however, and, if published before vacation, The Collegiate will come out about June 1st. In this Spring issue, we call your attention to two facts. First, that as all the material went to press during the Easter holidays, some of the articles, jokes, etc., were not seen by Miss Oakley, who was out of the city at the time. Therefore, should there be anything objectionable (which we sincerely hope there will not be) the consulting editor is not to blame. We also call your attention to the Literary department, upon which we worked hard to make improvement on the last.

Our Campus (Back Yard)

Some years ago the students of our Institute endeavored to have the trees at the rear of the school cut down and taken away, with the result that one of the obstacles was ousted but

not all. These beauties of nature, if such they be, are nuisances and destroy the main beauty of a campus. Instead of promoting athletics and developing the muscles of the fellows, they cause a lot of eye trouble when gazing at them, and lessen the desire to play games on these grounds. In base ball, the ball hits the branches and lets the lucky batter have a home run or causes the fielder beneath the descending sphere to cut circles, triangles and polygons in a vain endeavor to secure the coveted horsehide. Of course, this is splendid exercise for contortionists, acrobats, and geometry students but not for ball players. In football the fellow running with the ball slips behind a tree, dodges out again, pops behind another and if he is a skillful dodger, his would be tackler will nine times out of ten go crashing head first into a big, beautiful, picturesque tree covered with nice rough bark and outshooting branches. No doubt these beauties are kept for this one purpose. "If a tackler can bring down a tree he can tackle any man." Quite true.

Now as a result of this, the students, through the columns of The Collegiate, ask the board to please improve the campus. The S. C. I. is proud of her athletes and should do everything in her power to promote athletics. It would take very little to remove the trees and level off the grounds. A team could plow up the field in a couple of days and the city roller could be procured for a day. Then we would have a good field, one on which we could play base ball, foot ball and tennis and keep our track men in shape. Why not give it to us, now that the snow is off the ground? And from 1915 on the S. C. I. campus will be one that the students will be proud of.

Our First Issue

Yes, our first issue was a success in every sense of the word if we may judge by what we hear from others. The Port Huron Times-Herald said, "The Collegiate, a quarterly publication issued in the interest of Sarnia Collegiate Institute, is now on sale in Sarnia and Port Huron. The first issue is the Christmas number composed of fifty-six pages of interesting articles, jokes and fiction and illustrated with many cuts. The entire magazine was compiled in one week by the young men and as it is one of the best ever seen in this vicinity, they deserve great credit. From the exquisite three color cover to the last advertisement, the book is well gotten up and this was possible through the cooperation of every member of the staff. Miss

Oakley of Sarnia Collegiate Institute is the consulting editor and has given capable assistance to the editors." We are certainly pleased that our first efforts have met with a certain degree of success and feel confident that this edition will improve your opinion of The Collegiate and its staff. The students have given us their support and made this possible, as we hoped that they might, and we wish to thank them for it. There were more than three hundred copies of our first edition sold in the school and city, not counting our advertisers' copies and those sold in other cities, so we know that everyone is interested in this publication.

Our wish is that you will continue to lend us your support and appreciate our efforts and in return we promise to make each succeeding issue of The Collegiate a better one.

Our Jokes

The joke department of The Collegiate is one which is very difficult to edit inasmuch as many of the jokes contributed are of a personal nature and cannot be published. The book is not to satirize anyone so a careful selection of articles and jokes is necessary.

Again, some of the best laughs published by other organs have to be copied by our publication as students do not say funny things in school every day and our department of fun would lack material if there were no outside sources.

These jokes are all published in the best spirit in order to allow your fellow students to hear your witty remarks and enjoy a laugh or two and we trust that you will take them in the spirit they are given. Bear in mind that our joke editor has no easy task in ferreting out things to "chase the gloom away."

Hereafter every issue of The Collegiate will contain an article of interest written by one of the business men of the city which will be profitable to read. It is by especial effort that these writings are secured and we believe that the students will enjoy them.

The editor wishes to thank those who have written them.

Alumni Subscriptions

The alumni of S. C. I. have immediately taken a lively in-

terest in The Collegiate and every day our business manager receives inquiries as to the possibility of subscribing for a year or more. As a result of this and in order to allow our alumni to secure every issue of our publication easily, we have arranged to accept subscriptionf for a year, or four issues of The Collegiate.

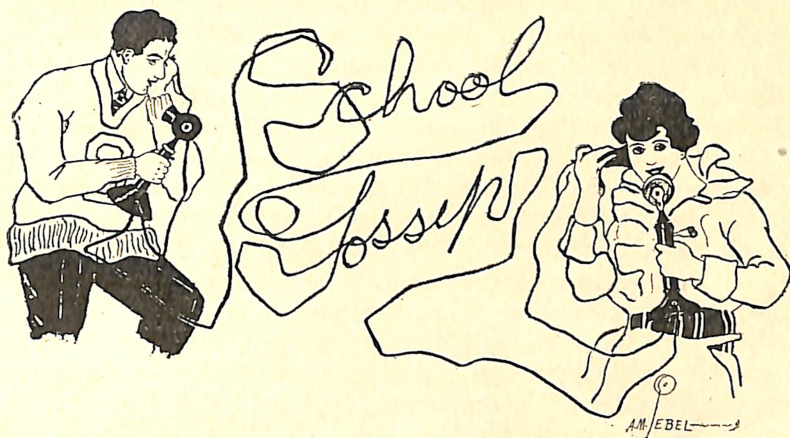
A copy of each edition of The Collegiate will be sent by mail to any address at the rate of fifty cents for four copies, payable in advance to the business manager. This will enable alumni of our institute, who reside out of the city, to secure the S. C. I. publication without any bother.

A Better Collegiate

Students, if you want The Collegiate improved in any manner give us your suggestions and we will be delighted to better it. We want your ideas and so we have placed The Collegiate box in the hall of the school to receive them. It is entirely up to you to make our book a success and it can only be done by cooperation. Any joke you hear in class or read, any story you have or know about, any article, or any suggestion of any kind will be gratefully received by the staff. You have aided us by buying our copies but you must also aid us in composing the material. We look to you for advice and assistance.

A Word To Our Advertisers

Your hearty support of The Collegiate has made the book possible and we sincerely hope that you will reap a good reward from your space in our pages. You were one of the loyal citizens who contributed so that our school might have as good a publication as other institutions and we appreciate it. You possibly will not be able to determine the **exact** benefits derived from advertising in The Collegiate but remember that every student and his parents appreciate your patronage and will purchase from you whenever possible. The Collegiate is not a money making proposition as the expenses and receipts balance almost exactly so do not think that this is just a way to make profit. The book is published for the good of the school and the experience of the staff and you are aiding the **students** by your advertising space. We thank you again and hope that we may continue to receive your advertisements and secure results for you.



(By Albert C. Ellis)

Foot Ball Banquet

The first foot ball banquet of the Institute took place at the Colonial Hotel on Friday, December 11th. The dining hall was artistically decorated in the school colors of navy and white and presented an attractive appearance. Coaches, players, substitutes, the Athletic Association and the masculine members of the faculty enjoyed a wonderful time. Songs, speeches and toasts came one after the other 'till the air was filled with one great clamor of tonques. Toastmaster Capt. Ed. Ellis called on Principal Overholt for the opening speech, founded on the English poem "Play Up and Play the Game," which was well received. Coach McGibbon followed with a speech in which he declared that a little lack of hard, real work had robbed us of a championship but declared that if we did get over that one fault we could trample Petrolia, St. Thomas, London and others under our feet and win the W. O. C. R. U. championship in 1915. Mr. Dent followed with a happy and interesting talk in which was sprinkled real wit. He presented the shields to twenty-two of the candidates who had played for a minute or more in any game, but on account of the delay in the arrival of the 17 big letters, it was impossible to decorate the first squad. Manager LeBel, Manager McDonald of the 1915 basket ball team, Roy Donahue, manager of the 1915 hockey team, Mr. David Cochran and many others gave good speeches to the crowd of joyous fel-

lows at the long tables, about the best being the oration of our old friend "Davy."

The feature of the musical program was a silent solo, rendered by "Count" Donahue and "Jawn" McGibbon.

At the end of the banquet, retiring Captain Ellis gave his parting speech which stemmed the loud noise for a while. He thanked the fellows again and again for their work and begged them to give everything they had to the 1915 captain who would take his place on the gridiron the following year.

The last feature on the program then took place—the election of the 1915 captain. "Art" LeBel was unanimously chosen as the leader for the coming year. He responded by thanking all the fellows and declaring that in 1915 the Sarnia Collegiate Institute would be the foremost school foot ball team in Ontario.

The banquet broke up with cheers and yells for everybody and everything and singing of the national airs.

After adjournment, the fellows serenaded Port Huron and, returning to Sarnia they paid midnight visits to many prominent men in the city. Hon. W. J. Hanna capped the climax on the evening by presenting \$5.00 to the boys which was received with—well, it's needless to say—you know. Many thanks, Mr. Hanna!

Oratorical Contest

The oratorical contest held in the assembly hall on March 19th for the Pardee gold medal was a success in the true sense of the word. The six speakers who orated were first class and that is what makes an event of this kind a success. The judges, Rev. Mr. Newton, Mr. Buchan and Mr. Cook had a hard task in declaring the winner, but after long deliberation chose wisely Harold Fuller, last year's winner of the silver medal, as the winner for 1915. He spoke on "Scottish Traits" in a pleasing manner and with a wholesome smile on his countenance which aided much in his success. Lyle Tremells, who captured the silver medal presented by the Literary Society, spoke well and was little behind the winner, in his address on "The Art of Public Speaking and Its Outlook to the Beginner." Lyle's lack of nervousness and his easy speech were the features of his oration. The remaining four, Hector Cowan, on "The Aeroplane and Its Part in the Present War;" Robt. McDougall, one of last year's silver medalers, on "The British Empire;" Julius MacKenzie, on

"The Submarine and Its Use in the Present War;" and Douglas Bell, on "The Kaiser and Kitchener Compared," orated in such a proficient manner that the judges awarded each a valuable volume on "The Art of Public Speaking."

The musical program rendered during the evening was good. The S. C. I. owe a debt of gratitude to Arnold Harris, Clifton Story and Mr. Martin who provided orchestra music in great style during the evening. The piano solos by Misses Helen Donahue and Lillian Hayes and the duet rendered by Harold and Lillian Fuller were greatly appreciated.

School Pin

The lack of a school pin has been greatly felt of late years. The new official school emblem, which appears on the cover of The Collegiate and which is the "S" presented to the S.C.I. athletes, would make a beautiful little pin. The staff would like to hear from those interested in the adoption of an emblem.

The Foot Ball Letters

The foot ball letters have been distributed to seventeen of the 1914 team and they are certainly a neat design. The big white "S" being centered with a blue silk school crest. This letter is with us to stay!

Literary Society

The last meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday, January 22nd. An interesting program, which seemed to come up to the students' requirements, was furnished. Mr. William Saurwein's critics' report of the last meeting was a feature. We are sorry to say "Bill" is not with us now to orate any more reports, having left us with fear that his supply of knowledge was growing too big to handle. Vincent Leach's piano solo was without doubt one of the best rendered during the year. The Collegiate is very strong for boy musicians. By the way Miss Pauline Grace was applauded after her violin solo it leads us to believe that the Collegiate is full of musicians. Miss Rose Jordan's recitation, well, about that we'll say that whoever missed it and the two following, missed half a year's school fun. The debate of the afternoon was one worthy of mention. Messrs. Tremells and Fuller and Misses Brown and Kennedy won a

popular verdict over the negative, led by Edward Cook and supported by Otis McMann and Misses Young and Wadsworth. The subject for debate was "Resolved That Queen Victoria's Reign Was More Beneficial to the British Nation Than That of Queen Elizabeth." In all due respect to the negative, we think they had the more difficult side of the question. The last meeting closed with the national anthem and a jam for the doors.

Editor's Note—Alumni members, do you remember those good old meetings of the by-gone days? Think of them now and laugh. Write us and tell us some cause for those laughs. We need them!

The Cadets will have to do some tall hustling to get into shape for Major McCrimmons inspection in April. From now on the sound of the bugles and roll of drums will be heard from behind the gym. With the aid of the weather man, Mr. Cook ought to round the fellows into shape on time. Last fall the corps was relieved of its rifles to be used at the front. Now, the fellows look rather funny when you ask them how they'll like swing canes to the tune of the band. Perhaps now more than any time, the Cadets are in need of military drill for if the war lasts much longer it is a sure fact that many of the 1915 Cadets will follow the examples of a great number of the alumni in taking up the British colors in Europe. Therefore it would be a good move if the government provided dummy rifles in order to show the fellows in a more proficient manner, the mode of handling a rifle. If there are nothing but canes and staves used this spring, the Cadets will forget all they ever knew along the above lines. It is assured that a good signaling corps will be established this spring which will smarten to a great degree the soldier lads of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute. The only activity on the part of the 1915 corps took place on Tuesday morning, March 2nd, when they attended the military funeral of Private W. Creighton, of the 3rd Canadian Oversea Contingent. They attended the ceremonies in Our Lady of Mercy Church and at the cemetery.

Assault-At-Arms

One more feather was added to the cap of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute on Monday evening, March 29th, when the first "Assault-at-Arms" ever held in this city, took place in the auditorium of the school. To call it a success would be tame, indeed,

for it was far more than that. The audience which crowded the hall long before the opening act left with only two sentences on their lips. "Simply wonderful" and "Far better than we expected." This is just what the students had worked for. Before-hand there was no "It's going to be fine," etc., etc., but instead just, "Are you coming to the gymnastic exhibition?" Then they left it at that, keeping all the surprises under their hats with the very pleasing result, mentioned above.

The whole event would never have been successful, however, without the valuable assistance of William ("Bill") Constable, not so long ago one of Hamilton's best amateur gymnasts. He worked unsparingly with the boys for the past three months, giving them the benefit of his experience, with the result that the first Assault-at-Arms was a great success.

However, from this, do not infer that boys alone took part. The girls of the Institute did their portion, and did it well. Their wand exercises, figure and fancy drills, and their Swoboda calisthenics in every way proved gratifying to their instructors, Miss Oakley and Miss O'Donaghue, who had worked unceasingly to make this part of the exhibition a success. The loud applause following the girls' act showed the great popularity of their work.

The exhibition opened with a fine scenic effect. The lights flashed out for a moment, a bugle sounded, and the lights came on again. The tent in the center of the stage opened and a squad of cadets, uniformed in their blue coats and white trousers, filed out. A snappy rifle exercise was gone through, the cadets' coats were discarded and the falling of the tent revealed not only the high bar ready for use but also the reposing figure of "Mikes" Fitzgibbon, the comedian of the entertainment whose humor and ready wit showed him to be one of the best amateur clowns in the business. The fine "stunts" on the horizontal bar performed alternately by the boys, together with one and two men specialties were good and received much applause.

The girls followed with their part of the program, which has been mentioned before. The co-eds taking part were: Misses Olive Gardener, Catherine Clark, Jule MacVicar, Emily Clark, Adis Kennedy, Doris Palmer, Mary Schmuck, Ruth Saurwein, Gladys———, Lillian Bingley, Emma Bell, H. Jackson, Vera Emsley, Olive Jennings, Helen Robison, Merle Smith. Lillian Hayes, accompanist.

The parallel bar work followed and came up to the standard

of the horizontal exercises. Cadet signalling, not the dry sort, was then demonstrated at a high rate of speed. "Ed" Storey, "Bob" Gardener, "Art" James and Robinson furnished this number and were heartily applauded.

Mr. Cook presented Instructor Constable with a handsome club bag on behalf of the boys and himself as a mark of appreciation for his work. "Bill" replied in a suitable manner expressing it as his hardest "stunt" of the evening.

Too much can not be said of the boys' ground tumbling and acrobatic stunts. Hand stands, pyramids, back flips, springs of all kinds, one, two, three and four-men specialties and clever clown antics composed only a minor part of the feature act.

At the close of the performance, the team did the frog dance and sang "God Save the King," under the leadership of the clowns.

The boys' team was as follows: Gardener, Burrel, MacKenzie, Cowan, A. Ellis, H. McGibbon, LeBel, Fitzgibbon, Storey, Galbraith, Pringle and Gray. Tumbling teams: MacKenzie and Cowan, Johnson and Galbraith, LeBel and Pringle, A. Ellis and H. McGibbon, Burrel and Storey, Gardener and Fitzgibbon (comedians).

The boys are anticipating putting on the exhibition again in the auditorium, and in outside cities. The team's picture has been taken and will appear in the vacation Collegiate.

Hobbies of the S. C. I. Students

"Puddy" Watson, "Jawn" McGibbon, "Dolly" Gray, Margorie Wright, etc., etc., etc.—Fighting the mumps.

Raymond Weston—Betting all the money he owns that no one can beat him out.

"Bill" McDonald and Deed Johnson—Taking up the bets.

"Hec" Cowan—Trying the Grant-swing. (nit.)

Whitsitt—Smoking anything that will smoke.

"Porkey" Rose—Sending valentines to the girls.

Ray Donahue—Wearing pink collars.

Bert McDonald—Tooting around in his "Packard."

Grace Reid—Studying French. (Brf.)

Mr. O. (before Easter holidays)—"Well, Jack, good-bye, I hope you enjoy yourself and come back a wiser boy."

Jack Palmer—"Same to you, sir."

NOTES ON OTHER SCHOOLS

(By Chas. R. Osius, Jr.)

What St. Thomas Thinks of Us

A recent issue of the St. Thomas "Collegian" said this about the Sarnia rugby players: "In mentioning the Sarnia boys we wish to associate with their name that of clean, fair sport, and it is unanimously agreed that in all our rugby experience we have never met a cleaner bunch of sports, or a more decent bunch of fellows than these same boys, and they certainly showed their sporting spirit in sending us several of their best plays to use in our final games, and we all hope that we may have the pleasure of paying a visit to, and receiving a visit from, the Sarnia boys next year."

This quotation is significant in showing the kind of fellows that make up the S. C. I. teams and the manner in which they win or lose. We join with St. Thomas in hoping for another meeting next season.

What's the Use of Latin

We note with interest that many schools are holding exhibits of Latin references and derivatives to prove the use of a knowledge of Latin to the ordinary person. The students of one or more Latin classes compile material, which is assigned in divisions by the teacher, and print or mount it on display cards to form the exhibit. Poems, modern and classic, are quoted on one poster to show the references to Latin mythology and language, English words derived from Latin are displayed on another; the names of inventions which bear Latin names are emblazoned on a third; allusions in literature to Latin classics may be shown on another; and so on in endless numbers the cards are displayed. All Latin students know how important a knowledge of that subject is in their study of literature and arts, and realize how great a part Latin plays in their understanding of countless words and references in everyday life. The purpose of the exhibit is to show students who are not taking Latin, the value of the study.

These displays have become so popular that a publishing company has undertaken to publish poster headings and directions for holding an exhibit. The Blenville High School of Cleveland held a "What's the use of Latin" exhibit recently and the

result was that very many students enrolled in the Latin department as soon as possible.

This impetus given to the study of Latin is a good thing and we hope that more schools will take up the idea.

Flint High School Has Wireless Sets

According to the Flint "Pennant," a very large number of students have become interested in wireless telegraphy and are making experiments in that line. As a result, the school has installed a high power apparatus and two practice sets for the free use and instruction of any student who is interested in wireless communication. Many girls have enrolled in the list of enthusiasts and the best operator in the school is of the feminine gender.

Simplified spelling at Salina, Kansas

"The Habit" of Salina, Kansas has adopted the latest mode of simplified spelling and has recommended its use for the entire school. Yes, a simpler form of spelling would be a great aid to most of us but we can hardly become used to the idea that the proper way to spell "exactly" would be "e-g-z-a-k-t-l-y" and that for "complexion" we should use "k-u-m-p-l-e-x-i-o-n." Authorities say that phonetic spelling would do away with about two years of school work but we fear that it would take about five years for people to learn the proposed "simple" spelling.

Albion Students Eat Sandwiches in School!

Yes, and it's not against the rules either. The reason is that they are consumed at sandwich sales held by the girls of the school for the benefit of "Breeze," the A. H. S. monthly. It seems that the advertisements do not cover the expenses of the printing and so it is necessary for the girls to donate sandwiches which are sold to all comers. We are glad that our book is self-sustaining.

How Would You Enjoy Seeing a Comic Basketball Game?

"The Bulletin," Davenport, Iowa, contains a story on the basketball game of the "Fatties vs. Leans" which was played under comic rules. The names of the teams explain the material of each faction and to add to the comedy produced by these players, the game was refereed by a witty trainer who gave mirth-

compelling decisions. Instead of fouls being counted against the side making them, they were tallied against the other side for allowing them to be made and if a man failed to throw a basket when unguarded, his team was penalized. One of the players secured a folding step-ladder and placed the ball in the basket but was called for "too much head work." Couldn't Sarnia stage a game like this?

Alumni Take An Interest in Publication

When a school magazine holds the attention of the alumni years after they have graduated, it means a great deal for the book as it shows that it must be a typical organ and representative of the school.

In every issue of "The Recorder," Springfield, Massachusetts there is an article written by some prominent person who was a student in the school. When people who are in the outside world take an interest in the book, it inspires the students to increase their labors to make it a success. The Collegiate hopes that the ever-loyal alumni of S. C. I. will contribute articles to help make Sarnia's publication "as good as the best."

St. Andrews College Is Again Champion

Our students will be interested to learn that St. Andrews College of Toronto has won the rugby championship for 1914, having defeated all contestants. This means a great deal to the school and we hope that S. A. C. enjoys the honors to their fullest extent.

Employment Bureau At School

A new institution in the high schools of Tacoma, Washington is the employment bureau established to secure positions for the students who desire to work after school hours and for the placing of graduates in desirable positions. Many students are unable to "find a job" for after school hours and so the employment committee does it for them. Business men and housewives apply at the school for help and the bureau cannot find enough students to fill the positions offered. The plan has been very successful at Tacoma to date.

Athletic Mass Meetings

There is one thing that our school should have!

At the beginning of each athletic season, baseball, football

and basketball, the entire student body should hold a mass meeting in the assembly to promote spirit and create an added interest in the team. Our students have very much school spirit and take a lively interest in their team but nevertheless there are a great many who do not attend the games nor root for the Navy and White. Don't you think that if these meetings were held and some of the athletic leaders addressed the students after which several "yells" were given, the attendance would increase? Two or three hours a year would not take much time from our studies and we would gain a great deal by increasing school spirit and cooperation. Other schools hold mass meetings as often as once a week, just to keep up spirit.

Thumb of Michigan Track Meet

Our neighboring city, Port Huron, may have a track meet the middle of June in which about twenty high schools of St. Clair, Sanilac, Huron, Tuscola and Lapeer counties of Michigan will be represented. This is the first time that this event has been planned and it is hoped to make it an annual attraction. The Athletic Association of Port Huron High School is to manage the meet and it will certainly place the Tunnel City in the foremost ranks of Michigan athletics.

Teachers, Notice!

Emerson once said, "The secret of education lies in respecting the pupil"—We are staunch believers in everything he says—Always have been.

Ed. Ellis (during the girls' bicycle race)—"Did you see those wheels skid?"

Daphene Parsons (wrathfully)—"How dare you call me that?"

One hundred years ago today
The wilderness was here;
With powder and his gun, the man,
Went out to hunt the deer.
But now,—another plan,
With powder on her cheeks, the dear
Goes out to hunt the man.

—Exchange.



(By Hector Cowan)

Before we say a word concerning sport we have an apology to make to the 1914 rugby second team. We beg to answer those fellows, who did the first team such a lot of good and who formed the first reserve team that ever defeated the Petrolia seconds on its home grounds, that we are sorry for our blundering oversight. We offer as an excuse, the short period of one week, which we had to publish our last issue. Now let us say for the benefit of all the students, that in the history of the Institute there has never been a more successful team, a harder working squad or a better bunch of fellows than the second team of 1914.

You, we will depend upon a great deal next fall when we are called upon to put forth the best team which we ever have in order to make a favorable showing in the O. R. F. U. We hope that some day the second team's expenses will be paid by the S. C. I. A. A.

1914 first team, three cheers for Manager Crawford's men!

We are also sorry for not having said a word about the third team of the Institute. This team was composed of a clever little bunch of fellows who started green but finished well. The whole Collegiate should certainly realize the good of this team for it is with that team that the best material learns to play the game.

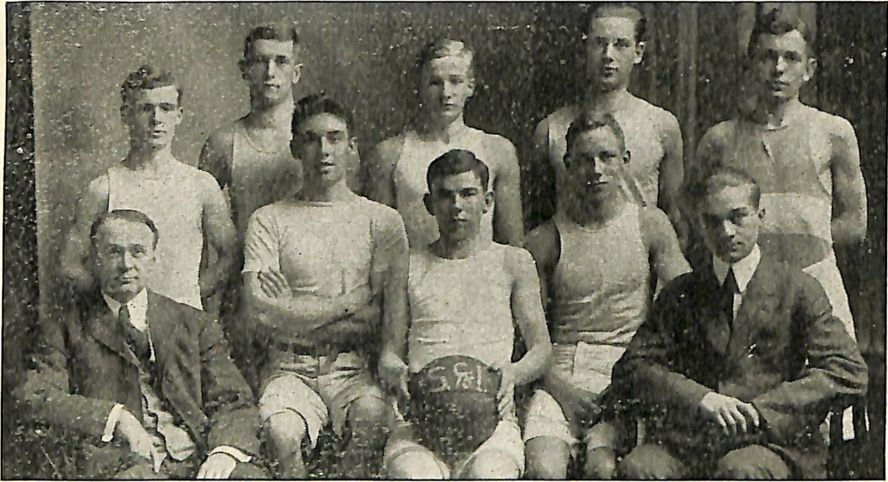
Junior O. R. F. U.

Students throughout the Province were not the only ones during recent years who noticed the rapid growth that collegiate

rugby was making with the fans of Ontario. They were not the only ones who watched the class of play improve, and with it the hold it was taking on the citizens of our cities.

The Ontario Rugby Football Union kept watching the progress of collegiate rugby. It saw those teams composed of hearty, clean living lads who played football for the love of the game and not for graft. It saw what good friendship existed among the players and, lastly, the growing support it was receiving from the fact that the collegiates were coming together and forming leagues. In consequence the wise heads of the father union assembled and decided to bring the collegiate institutes together under their banner, a move which we vouch they will have no reason to be sorry for.

The action of the O. R. F. U. in which they moved the so-called juniors of former years into the intermediate rank and re-organized a junior section is one of the foremost and best moves that the O. R. F. U. has ever made, because those juniors of



former years were not properly named. A great bulk of these players were well in the thirties and were as well versed in football knowledge as any senior. The new junior division is composed of two sections. The first consists of collegiate institute teams throughout Ontario. The second consists of junior teams under twenty-one years of age.

No doubt the O. R. F. U. is doing the best it can do for us and it remains to be seen how things will turn out. At the time

JAN 19/15 S.C.1-59; PORT HUAON-20.
 MAR 7/15 MARINE CITY-30; S.C.1-16
 MAR 14/15 S.C.1-39; MARINE CITY-15
 MAR 22/15 WINDSOR C.1-30; S.C.1-15
 MAR 30/15 WINDSOR C.1-20; S.C.1-18.

S.C.1 SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM 1915

STANDING: ANDY PRINGLE, EDELLIS, HEC COWAN.
 WALT CARAUTHERS, HOWARD CRAWFORD.
 SEATED: (PRINCIPAL) A.M. OVERHOLT, SCOTTY CAMPBELL,
 ROSS GRAY, JIM MACKENZIE,
 BERT MACDONALD.

the parent union took over collegiate football the Ontario Collegiate Rugby Union and the Interscholastic were on the verge of amalgamating. No doubt they would have enjoyed a very successful season but now both are prepared to swing to the big union, at least for a year's trial.

In the new rules there are some objectionable clauses, however. In the first place the O. R. F. U. allows two masters, despite their age, to play on a school team. This is not right and a thing which will have to be thrown out. School fellows don't want teachers on a team and it is a motion which is not welcome. It also cuts one or two lads out of a coveted position and the honor in playing for their school. Let the teachers coach, manage or train a team, but keep them off the playing field. Another thing is, how many fellows playing collegiate football are twenty-one years of age? Not one in fifty, therefore if the champions of B section are asked to play the winners of A, which will no doubt be the case, imagine the advantage of age and weight the former will have over the school men. This is not quite so important, however, as collegiate teams are usually better trained and in superior condition. No doubt, both of these clauses will be disputed and protested against by the majority of schools.

Basketball

The basketball season which we have just passed through has been the S. C. I.'s most successful year. True, we did not win all our games but nevertheless the team which represented our school was one which deserves all the credit that can be bestowed upon it. The team was the best the school could provide and the results of that team were nothing to be ashamed of. It might be said that if the team had been given more loyal support by the students the scores of some of the games would have been somewhat changed. Hereafter, students, remember that it is your interest and your attendance that is bound to bring victory to your school team, either if the team is on the football field or on the gym floor. Let's not forget our '15 "scrub" team. Fellows do not be offended on account of the name for we all know you call yourselves the second. That team has gone through the season without a single defeat, and in the game of basketball, that is something wonderful and something that very few teams ever accomplish. If the team keeps improving it should prove to be the best which ever donned the S. C. I. jersey.

GAMES

S. C. I., 59; Port Huron, 20

The basketball season was opened on January 19 by Sarnia defeating their old enemies Port Huron High by the score of 59 to 20. From the first sound of the whistle the S. C. I. team fairly flew away from their opponents and at no stage of the game was there any doubt as to who would be victorious. The prominent work of Gray at forward was the feature of the game.

Marine City, 30; S. C. I., 16

On March the third the S. C. I. team played Marine City H. S. on the latter's floor and suffered a defeat at the hands of the mariners. The game was inclined to be a little rough and at times the referee had to separate the scrappers. The cheer of the Marine City fans was "Fight, fight," and under that condition any game could be made rough. The game, however, was very fast and exciting and it was not until the last quarter that the Marine City team pulled away from their opponents.

S. C. I.—R. F., Gray; L. F., Ellis; Center, Carruthers; L. G., MacKenzie; R. G., Crawford.

After the game there was another battle staged between the two second teams and it proved a victory for the S. C. I. by a score of 37-18. The playing of the Sarnia forwards was the main feature of the struggle.

S. C. I., 39; Marine City H. S., 15

The return game was played on March 14 at the Sarnia gym. and the score was reversed. The Marine City heavyweights were overcome and were defeated by a score of 39-15. From the start, the S. C. I. team had everything its way and basket after basket was shot by the S. C. I. forwards. The second half proved as disastrous as the first to Marine City and when the final whistle was sounded and an adding machine applied to the score book it was found that the S. C. I. had scored 39 points to their opponents' 15.

S. C. I.—L. F., Gray; R. F., Cowan; Center, Carruthers; L. G., MacKenzie and Crawford; R. G., Ellis.

The S. C. I. seconds and the Marine City seconds had a preliminary match and Sarnia tucked away another victory, the score being 24-1. Gardener starred for the S. C. I.

S. C. I. Second—R. F., Rose; L. L., Gardener; Center, Duncan; L. G., Gray; R. G., Galbraith. Referee—"Perfect" Constable.

Windsor C. I. vs. Sarnia C. I.

The S. C. I. team journeyed to Windsor to play a game with the local team. The score was 30-15 in favor of Windsor but the S. C. I. had a merry battle and it was only after the third quarter that the enemy made their huge gains. S. C. I. came in contact with a better team and when we mention that team we might say they were the best bunch of fellows that we have ever met in our basketball career.

Windsor C. I. vs. Sarnia C. I.

A few days before this game Sarnia had made up her mind to clean up on Windsor, to show them that we could play basketball, but just in the middle of the plans our captain and mainstay got the "mumps." That upset the "dope," and when Windsor came our team was weakened. Nevertheless Gray's place was well substituted by a coming second, Gardiner, and the game which he played was an honor to himself. From the whistle, it was a great battle and if the S. C. I. team had had two more minutes of play at the end, the defeat would have been changed into a victory. The final score was 20-18 in favor of Windsor.

S. C. I.—R. F., Gardiner; L. F. Cowan; Center, Carruthers; L. F., MacKenzie and Crawford; R. G., Ellis. Referee—"Perfect" Constable.

Baseball

We hope this year that the "Alfalfa" league will again be formed at the school and a meeting to this advantage will be held shortly after the "Easter vacation." The school board could greatly help baseball and our league by amputating a couple of trees from the picturesque campus. The league will be made up of form teams and the winner is to receive a shield, presented by the Athletic Association.

There is no reason why the S. C. I. should not play outside teams at this sport also. Two years ago we had a cracking good team. Games could easily be booked with Marine City, Port Huron, Mt. Clemens, Windsor and Petrolia. Some of the fellows seem disposed not to form any representative team, because we lack a good pitcher. What is the difference, there are lots others in the same boat and perhaps we can dig one up. Let's get busy!

Track Team

There has been much talk about forming an S. C. I. track team this year and if someone would kindly take this in hand he will receive the loyal support of the S. C. I. A. A. In our school is an abundance of good material and in the annual meet the S. C. I. track team should carry away the honors simply because it has the material if someone will only lead it.

Hockey

We are pleased to present to the students the picture of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute team which encountered so many outside teams and schools this season. There are perhaps some fellows whom you recognize in the picture. We ask you to look it over closely.

Now, jokes aside, we wonder why the S. C. I. team did not play an outside school or any neighboring teams this winter? The Institute had a good team as shown in the good struggle with the local St. Georges and Riversides, but the fellows got disgusted, and the team broke up. Surely, this will not happen again, and it is The Collegiate's wish that hockey live-wires will be instilled into the S. C. I. next year. There is no reason why this sport should be the poorest on the calendar, when it is such a great game and played with such success in the city. Wait 'till next winter! The Collegiate intends to do a little stirring up in this line.

Advertise in The Collegiate. It brings results.

H. Donahue—"I wonder how it feels to have whiskers on one's face?"

R. Simpson—"Oh pshaw, I just had a shave."

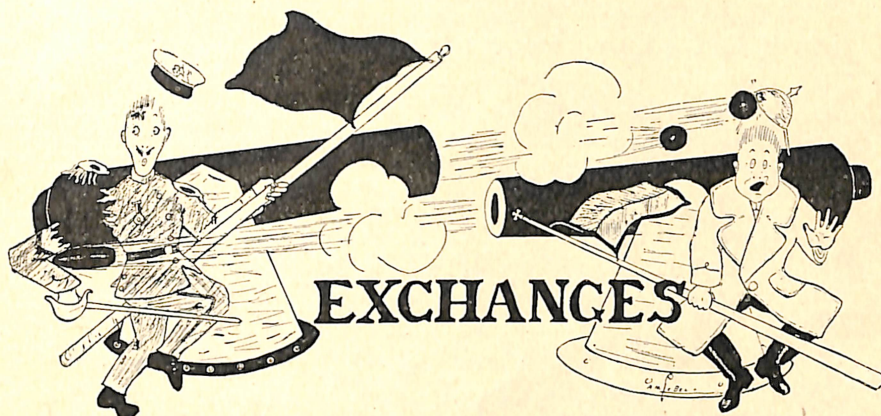
Sunday School Teacher—"You should love your neighbor. Do you Ab.?"

Ab. Ellis—"I try to but she won't let me."

On the Hamonic this year.

"Boy, bring me some grapes, half a mellon and some cracked ice."

"Heg" McGibbon (loudly)—"Dum-dums, half-a-bomb and shrapnel."



(By Norman H. Gray, Jr.)

We are sorry to say the exchange department suffered a severe set back this issue as quite a number of exchanges went astray. We are determined not to let a similar thing happen again and if your paper is not commented upon, do not think we have neglected you. We want to make our exchange department as big as we can make it.

Bulletin, Davenport, Iowa.—A good lively book with tip top art work. We consider D. H. S. a cracking good school by its publication, which the editors are not afraid to exchange liberally. Keep coming.

Collegiate Nudger, London, Ont.—Your book is a little out of the ordinary. We can find little fault with it for a five-cent publication. Why don't you have an exchange department? You can't expect to do business without knowing what is going on around you. Let us have your copies.

The Gargoyle, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.—As always your organ is right up to snuff and full of ginger. Where do you find such witty editors? Too funny for words!

Blue Bird, Julia Richman High School, New York City.—Your graduation number is excellent and we have a "case" on your pretty girls. A few more jokes would brighten up your book. Come again.

Tahoma, Tacoma, Washington.—Your staff must work to put out such a splendid book. Why is your name Tahoma?

Thistle, Scott High School, Toledo, Ohio.—We have seen a copy of your magazine and it is one of our models. We would certainly like to hear from you.

Breeze, Albion, Mich.—We have not received a copy of your paper lately. Are you still in the field? We want to hear from you again. Your book is "breezy."

The Collegian, St. Thomas, Ont.—Your magazine is a little small this time, old friend, but is "good" as usual. Your jokes are second to none in the country. Give our exchange attention please.

St. Andrew's College Review, Toronto.—You gave us a criticism which has come in from all sides. We intend to follow what you say, but we have trouble getting stories. Don't forget us at midsummer.

The Palmetto and Pine, St. Petersburg, Florida.—Your book is up to the standard and we are glad to hear from a high school so far away. Why not get a little more art work in your book?

The Almafilian, Alma College, St. Thomas.—Don't you need a few cartoon headlines over your different departments? It took us half an hour to find your exchanges and other departments.

The Oracle, Buffalo, N. Y.—Do you call the notes on your first page "editorials?" We thought the heading was put in the wrong place. We echo your comment on the Port Huron "Student's" article.

The Recorder, Springfield, Mass.—Your February issue far surpasses your last exchange copy. You could use more jokes, if the people of Springfield enjoy a laugh as well as our students do.

The Clarion, Salem, Oregon.—Did you notice our mistake in comment on your last exchange? "Why such a sad book?"

You have a number of good jokes." Our printer used sentences belonging to other exchanges.

Your February issue is good but we hardly agree with U. D. Bradeson on originality.

The Helicon, Detroit.—Is your exchange department out of commission for the winter?

Reflector, Cleveland, Ohio.—Your clubs and editorials take up too much space. Why not give some of this to other departments?

The Toltec, Durango, Colorado.—A very good paper for a monthly publication. You have an artistic over. We want your exchanges.

The Habit, Salina, Kansas.—Give your book more life. Spread jokes and cartoons through it and notice how it will enliven the school spirit.

The Pennant, Flint, Mich.—Your book is good for a monthly but you could make it more interesting and more like a magazine if you would put a few cartoons and a couple of jokes on its pages.

High School Life, Chicago, Ill.—A good idea to publish one book for several schools. You resemble a "regular" periodical. We are strong for jokes. Aren't you?

The Tucsonian, Tucson, Arizona.—An excellent annual and worthy of mention. Must have cost you some time and money.

The White Elephant, Bangkok, Siam.—We have just learned of your arrival through "The Tucsonian" and hope to greet you soon. Welcome to journalism!

Student, Port Huron, Mich.—As you are our nearest neighbor we feel as if we would like to advise you, and have you advise us. Your last number cost the reader twenty-five cents. Was it worth it?

Students' Opinion, Windsor, Ont.—We could give you a

sermon on your book. Look here, why waste such good material, hard work and energy on a loose-leaf, typewritten magazine. You have a live school that is full of live students. Read page 8 of this issue and for goodness sake get busy. Take the advice of a friend.

Weekly Cassite, Detroit, Mich.—You are to be congratulated upon such a weekly. Your graduation number is well gotten up, but lacks a touch of humor.

Au revoir.

Canadian Schools

You are coming in better now, but, as a whole, you are not interested in exchanges. We sent copies of our book all over the Dominion and they were not sent to the dead letter office either. Come, don't let the war stamp effect you. Think what a lot of good the war stamp is doing for the finances of war. Get in on the proposition, London, Hamilton, Woodstock, Brantford, Halifax, Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto and many others.

The Collegiate solicits criticism.

Exchanges from all schools will be welcomed.

Pauline—"What was Crawford penalized for in the basketball game last night?"

Marion—"For holding."

Pauline—"How absurd."—Minnehaha.

Bert McDonald—"Do you know at the football banquet Bill Saurwine got up and left the table because someone told a story he didn't approve of."

Marian Kerr—"Oh, how noble—What was the story?"

Marjorie Cook—"My father's store is so big that if you look out of the window on the last floor you can see Courtright."

Daphene Parsons—"That's nothing, you can look into the crockery department in our store and see China."

ALUMNI

(By Finlay F. McGibbon)

What is an alumnus, and what good are the alumni to a collegiate institute?

In the first place, an alumnus is a graduate, not a student who never secured a diploma. He or she is one who has gone through the same ups and downs in school life, which you at the present day are passing through. He or she is one who has toiled at the same mathemtaics, the same old Caesar, the same physics, chemistry, French and above all has survived and conquered them, a fact which makes us look to him as a model. He or she knows just what the Sarnia Collegiate Institute is like. He has perhaps played for the colors on the football field, the diamond and the ice. She sometimes upheld the honor of the school on the basketball and tennis courts, and all have lost at least some breath in yelling and cheering their teams on to victory. They have passed from the halls and corridors of the S. C. I. to re-enter as students no more. The happy days they spent under the roof, to them, are things of the past. Now they are men and women of the world, spread broadcast on the surface of the earth. Today, in the lines of the warring nations, on the Pacific or on the Atlantic, in distant Asia or dark Africa, there are ones who perhaps, while you read this, are thinking of bygone days at the Sarnia Collegiate Institute.

How many faces would we know if a group picture of the graduates of the S. C. I. was placed before us? Very few!

Now, why should we students of the S. C. I. be so distant toward those who have been here before us, and why should they be so far off to us, when there is such good reason for our friendly and brotherly relationship? Truly, on these lines, the Sarnia Collegiate Institute has been long asleep. Would it not be for our own benefit, to form a plan to bring the Alumni and present students more closely together?

In starting this important ball rolling, we should perhaps like to look over the directory of the S. C. I. graduates. We can't do this however, for the all-important article is nowhere to be found. This leads us to make our suggestions.

In addition to the Athletic Association and the Literary

Society, it is high time for the S. C. I. to form an alumni club, and thus add a third social organ to the Institute.

In this way the club could make an investigation into the number of graduates and form a directory. It could get in touch with all the "Old Boys and Girls" and thus gain important advice and learn things which would be of value to us, when we have to jump out into the world to start for ourselves, like they once had to do. It could lay aside one day in the year as Alumni Day, when all graduates would be notified of a reunion at the school. Those who were too far from home could think of the S. C. I. and perhaps collect in twos or threes, to relate stories and cheer for the S. C. I. Those near the city or at home could be entertained by a program in assembly hall of the institution.

In addition to the Alumni Club at home there could be the real club away from the city with its president say, for instance, at Varsity, its secretary in New York, its treasurer and other officers in other places, and the body of its members spread out all over.

The students and "Old Boys" who chance to read this article, should see the importance of forming an Alumni Club at once. The Collegiate will be pleased to have suggestions and letters from all graduates, and we sincerely hope the movement will be taken hold of in the right manner.

Two Famous Sayings

"Economics is the avoidance of waist."

"Absence makes the marks grow rounder."

Mother—"Why in the world are you coming home from school so early?"

Galbraith—"Merely a matter of principal."

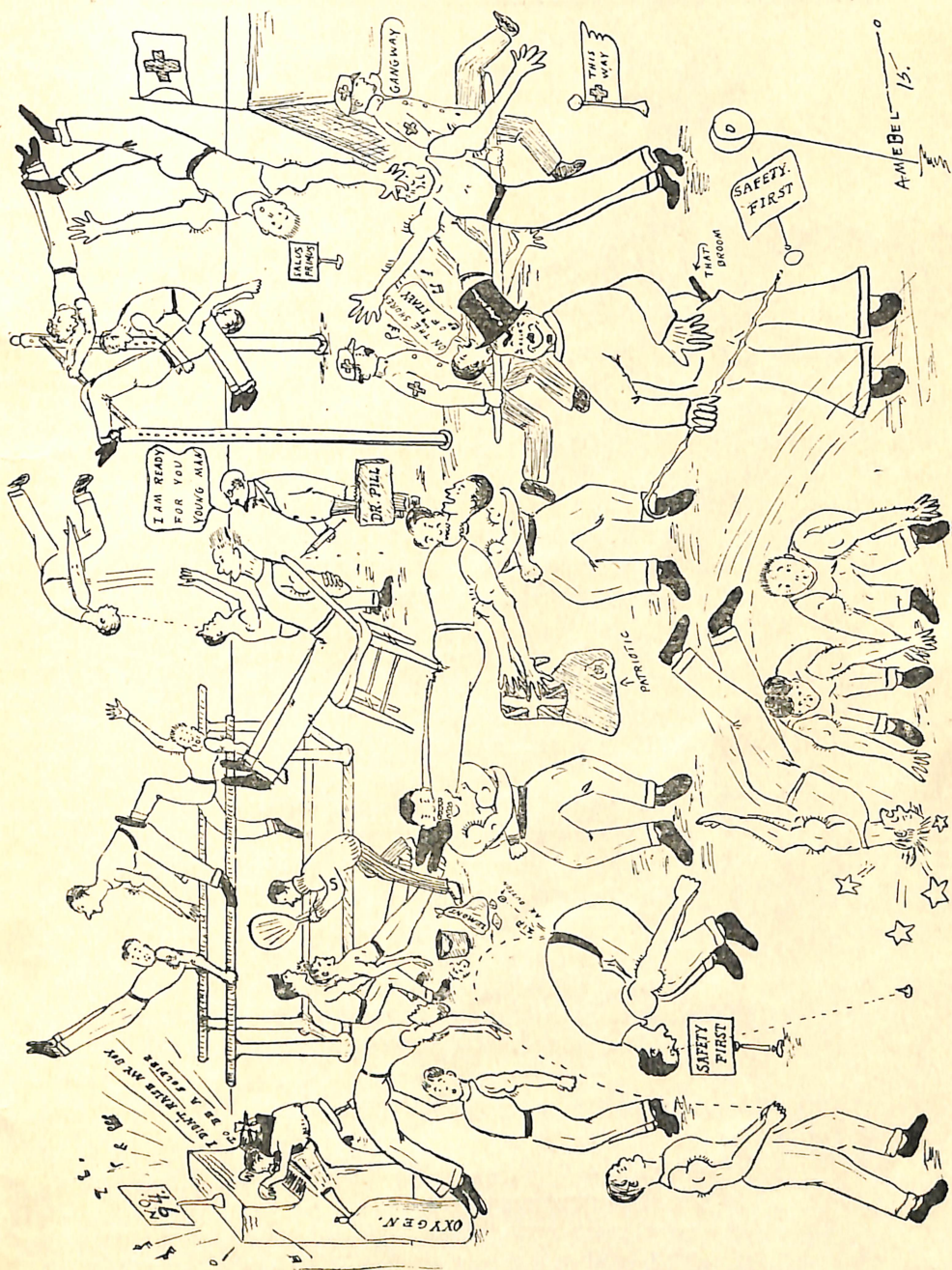
Freshie (at post office)—"How much will it cost to send this letter?"

Clerk—"What is it?"

Freshie—"Jokes for The Collegiate."

Clerk—"One cent for third class matter."

How many men are there on the rugby team? You say "fourteen"—wrong, Eugenia, Kiene tells us there are thirteen and a quarter.



THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS



(By W. Hartsuff Currie)

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key to a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?

In the crown of his head what jewels are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the ends of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail
And if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

Jim MacKenzie—"Crackey, Hec, that pretty girl over there is smiling at me."

"Hec" Cowan—"She's too well-bred to laugh, I guess."

One of the movie actresses, Mary Pickford, we think it was, winked in "Lank" Donahue's direction, at the Princess the other night, and he's been wearing a lavender collar ever since.

Take Your Choice

Latin

Est via long' ad Tipperary,
Est longa itu:
Est via long' ad Tipperary
Ad carissimam scio.

Vale, Piccadilly,
Vale, Leicester Square,
Est via long' ad Tipperary,
Sed meum cor eo.

German

Der weg ist lang nach Tipperary
Der weg ist lang zu geh'n:
Der weg ist lang nach Tipperary
Zur Liebsten da zu seh'n.

Leb' wohl, Piccadilly,
Leb' wohl, Leicester Platz,
Der weg ist lang nach Tipperary,
Dort, aber, wohnt mein Schatz.

French

Cest bien long a Tipperairie,
Cest bien long d'aller:
Cest bien long a Tipperairie,
A la plus belle fille du poys.

Adieu, Piccadilly,
Adieu Place Leicester,
Cest bien long a Tipperairie,
Mais cest la mon coeur.

—Exchange.

Perhaps these jokes are old
And should be on the shelf,
But if you do not like them
Just hand some in yourself.

—"Bulletin."

Q. What is a kiss?

A. Nothing divided by two.

Don't Hesitate

Dorothy Newton—"Can you two step?"

Barber—"Yes."

Dorothy Newton—"What is the first step?"

Barber—"Slip two bits to the door keeper."

Haney—"Say, what are you turning around and looking at me for?"

Edith Kerr—"I was looking to see if I couldn't think of a joke for The Collegiate."

At the Vendome

"That man who just registered says he is a light sleeper," remarked the clerk.

Manager—"Charge him extra for the light."

Maxwell in Sarnia hotel had rung the bell in his room for about five minutes. At last the bell-hop appeared. "Were you ringing the bell for me sir?"

Max—"No, you boob, I was tolling the bell, I thought you were dead."

Dolly Gray—"What is the most nervous thing next to a girl?"

"Jawn" McGibbon—"I am the most nervous thing next to a girl."

The "Student's Opinion," of Windsor C. I. has made a great discovery. A boy detective down there found some of the June, 1915 matriculation examination papers. Here are some of the questions:

Physics—Explain the ultimate cause of existence. No marks for incomplete answer.

Latin—Write first thirteen books of Virgil from memory.

Geometry—A B C is a five-sided rectilineal triangle. Prove that it is an obtuse angled square.

Eng. History—Explain why Oliver Cromwell did not come to Napoleon's aid in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Anc. History—Give a brief account of the menu at the breakfast table of Alcibades on the morning preceding the battle of the Samnites. (It is well we should know these things.)

Ed. Note—We are much indebted to Windsor's kind tips.

Politie

Willie—"Pa, what is discretion?"

Paw—"Using a telephone to call a man a liar, my son."

Mr. C. (To Whitsitt, who used "eye-sight" in a comp.)—"The idea! What other sight could there be besides eye-sight?"

Whitsitt (cadet)—"Why hindsight and foresight."

"Doug" Bell—"I had to kill my dog this morning."

Billy Patterson—"Was he mad?"

"Doug"—"Well, he didn't seem to be pleased."

A Word To The Wise

The world is old, yet it likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff,
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you find an ancient joke,
Dubbed in some modern guise;
Don't frown and give the thing a poke,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.
—Exchange.

Prize Contest

If it takes a three months'-old woodpecker with a rubber bill 4 hours and 13 minutes to bore a six inch hole in a log that will make 72 shingles and it takes 76 shingles to make a bundle that will sell for 93 cents, how long will it take a cross-eyed grasshopper with a cork leg to kick all the seeds out of a dill pickle?

The Collegiate will give a Canadian copper to the student handing in the correct answer.

A body guard so great, so strong,
Doth guard lil' Marjorie Wright along,
To home with her they all do go
And back to school they come also;
One day they're two, another eight,
But just the same they're never late.
Now if "Doug" Bell should miss one trip
He with Mary could no longer dip.
Ed. Note—We strewed roses on the poet's grave today.

Geometry Solution

If a classic student is a book-worm is a geometry student an angle-worm?

Say—What is a Pollygon?

Answer—A dead parrot.

Duncan—"You've got your linen suit on a trifle early, 'Beany,' it's only April."

E. Ellis—"Yes, but my sister is interested in a rummage sale for the good of the Belgians, and when I carry my clothes around with me I know where they are."

Teacher—"Stokes, can you define a canthook?"

Stokes—"Yes, mam, a cow without horns."

Miss C. to D. Stokes—"Did you throw that chalk?"

D. Stokes—"No, but it might have been the sun. It's been throwing beams in here all afternoon."

Fuller to Mr. D.—"Could you get a shock by holding a telephone receiver?"

Mr. D.—"It depends who's at the other end of the line."

Judge—"You are charged with breaking a chair over this man's head."

Prisoner—"Your honor, I didn't mean to break the chair."

S. O. S.

Why do girls study geometry?

In order to find the exact location of the point upon which to place their beauty spot.

Ah, pshaw! Beauty spots are out of style.

Brown—"I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannon have been found there."

Morris—"Don't believe a word of it. The geography says it's a low lying country."

We had a joke about Hardy Hill and his girl at the Point, but he asked us not to use it so we won't. Don't forget your manners, Hardy. Always say "thank you" for favors.

When the girls of Mid. I were having their picture taken in front of the school, the cries of "Smile now," "Look pretty," etc., were heard all over. One fellow called to Mahala H. "Smile, smile."

Weston (in a low voice)—"She doesn't have to. She's pretty anyhow."

Outside Bruiser!

In grandma's day when dancing

Was not amiss

The partners held each other off

L — T

I — H

K — I

E — S

But now with trot and grizzly bear,

The dip and kiss

Each gets a double strangle hold

L-T

I-H

K-I

E-S

—Punch Bowl.

"Say can you see?" she sang aloud,

The anthem grand and good;

She stood a long way from the crowd

But say—I could, I could!

—Gargoyle.

Fawcett—"I simple can't stand the toot of an automobile horn."

Crawford—"How's that?"

Fawcett—"A fellow eloped with my girl in an automobile and every time I hear a horn toot, I think he's bringing her back."

Deaths of jokers oft reminds us,

We might make our lives sublime,

If, departing, left behind us

Nothing worse than this small rhyme.

—Gargoyle.

A New One

Pringle (at his new job)—“I wish to tell you that my grandmother—”

Boss—“Well, I suppose your grandmother has passed away and is to be buried this afternoon, about time for the game?”

Andy—“Oh, no, sir! My grandmother is coming to take me to the game and I want to know if I can get out, to go with her.”

Mr. O.—“Say, Ellis, you know nothing in Arithmetic. Can you give me an answer to this little question? A little girl had a family of dolls. She gave one-fourth away and had six left. How many did she have?”

“Ab” (smiling)—“You can’t fool me like that, I don’t know how many dolls it takes to make a family.”

The Rev. Dr. Jordan was anxious about his son’s college exams. and requested him to telegraph the result. The boy sent the following telegram:

“Hymn 342, fifth verse, last two lines.”

Looking it up the father found the words:

“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,—Jordan passed.”

Pat, having enlisted, was crossing the barrack square with a pail on his arm, when he met a sergeant who spied his disreputable pair of trousers. The officer intending to report him for unsoldierly appearance stopped him and asked:

“Where are you going?”

“To get some water, sor,” answered Pat.

“What, in **those** trousers?”

“No, sor, in the pail.”

Miss O.—“Do you object to war, McMann?”

“Yes, mam, I certainly do.”

“Now tell us why.”

“Because,” said McMann, “War makes history and I jest hate history.”

Fowl or Foul

A red-headed boy applied for a job in a butcher shop.

"What can you do?" asked the boss.

"Anything," he replied. "How much will you give me?"

"Three dollars a week, but what can you do?"

"Most anything."

"Can you dress a chicken?"

"Not on three dollars a week."

A regiment of soldiers were at camp in Guelph, and a young Scottish recruit was put on sentry duty outside the officers' tent. In the morning the general arose, looked out of his tent and said to the young man in a stern, loud voice,

"Who are you?"

The young Scot turned smartly and said,

"Fine! Hoo's yersel?"

Maybe we get a joke or two,

Maybe we don't, maybe we do,

Get bright of a sudden, give your brains a poke

And for the love of Mike hand in a joke.

—Exchange.

Our Speed

In the year 2800.

Teacher—"In what year did the seige of Leige, the battle of the Marne, and the German submarine blockade take place, my boy?"

Student—"1715, sir."

Poetry!!!

To buy her presents his cash was spent,

And her words of thanks were sweeter than honey.

But after she had spent his last red cent

She married a youth who had saved his money.

—Students Opinion.

Great Scott, boys, Manager Donahue had his want ad. in for twelve huskies to rip down the school arena (rink) but at last it's done.

TO MY SON

Do you know that your soul is of my soul, such part
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name,
"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be yours, then, the task, if task it shall be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me,
Be sure it will say when it's verdict you've won
"She's reaped as she sowed, Lo! this is her Son."

—Margaret Johnston Grafflin.

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Yes. What?

And what will the English wife do who finds a couple of Belgian hairs on the coat of her returning hubby?

Shrap—"The modern dances must be easy for the Russians?"

Nell—"I don't see why they should be."

Shrap—"Why you see they have the steppes."

—Gargoyle.

Mr. G.—"I'm so glad you've taken Greek."

Art LeBel—"I haven't taken it. I've only been exposed."

No more holidays 'till summer.

No more "Collegiate" 'til summer.

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Would you believe McGeachy is curious. Here's what he did:

One night he was spinning along a road (riding to St. Thomas for the rugby game next day we think) when he spied a sign in the middle of the road.

"My, my," said "Sleepy," stopping, "I don't want to get lost. I'll have to read it." So he climbed slowly up the post to the writing, fished around for a match and found it. Lighting it, he peered at the sign which read:

"Wet Paint!"

By "Hec" Cowan—The other half of his tooth.

By Walt Carruthers—A net, five acres square to catch him, when tumbling.

By "Smut" Haney—A derrick to lift him over the horizontal bar.

By "Art" LeBel—Some kind of device (something like Turkish bath) to reduce weight.

Get the habit of handing in material for The Collegiate.

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OF SHOES

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Neal's Sarnia Bread

This is what some of our witty friends in St. Thomas spring in "The Collegian" about their visit to Sarnia last fall:

Webb—"I hear they have a curfew law in this town."

Flowers—"Oh they did but they abandoned it."

Webb—"Why was that?"

Flowers—"Well, they used to blow the whistle at nine o'clock every night and nearly everyone complained that it woke them up."

Ed. Note—They still ring it here at 9 o'clock, St. Thomas, but we don't ring bells about every five minutes at every corner in the city, to keep us awake.

Doc. Henderson, Jr.—"Do you know that Dr. James, Jr., Dr. Haney, Jr. and myself have a pretty serious case at the hospital?"

Dr. Bell, Jr.—"You don't say?"

Dr. Henderson, Jr.—"Yes, a woman is so cross-eyed, every time she cries the tears run down her back."

Dr. Bell, Jr.—"Great Scott. What are you doing for her?"

Doc. Henderson, Jr.—"We're treating her for bacteria."—
(back-tear-ia.)

What's the use of talking about the high cost of living when The Collegiate costs 10c. You would think the United States was at war by the war tax Port Huron High School puts on the "Student." It costs 25c.

Hec Cowan would like to know if late hours are good for one.

(Editor's Note)—No, but they are for **two**.

Why do the Germans spell culture with a "K?"
Because Britain has control of the "C's" (seas).

Dorothy Richardson—"Why Deedy I'm ashamed of you. Don't you know what a parasite is—"

Deed Johnson (sadly)—"Nope, I don't believe I do."

Dorothy—"Why everyone is a parasite."

Deed—"No, that isn't-right. If you saw some of the girls I see at school, you wouldn't think they were Paris-sights."

Ed. Note—We're surprised at you, Deed. All S. C. I. girls are that.

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It's a long time until four-thirty,
It's a long time to wait,
It's a long time until four-thirty,
Just because I came in late,
Good-bye baseball practice
No more fun for me,
It's a long, long time until four-thirty
But I'll be right there.

—The Collegian.

Fitzgibbon—"Do you recall what book had the least in it,
of any book you ever received?"

Carruthers—"My pocketbook."

Love and porous plaster sure
Are very much alike,
It's easy getting into one
But getting out—Good Night!

—Exchange.

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THAT THE
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COMPANY

— IS AT —
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A Yell
Kinny Canuck, Canuck, Canuck,
Kinny Kannuck, Kanno; ;
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What about the Curfew?

"What business are you going to put your son to?"

"Well, I haven't decided but I think from the hours Walter keeps he ought to be a milk-man."

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Gordon Logan as the clown in the Assault-at-Arms?

"Rusty" Davis with his eyes shut?

"Ownie" Hayes quitting the piano because she was tired?

Burrel "Cal" Carruthers or McDonald with an exam. paper
marked 20%?

"Ed" Storey fail to do a stunt on the high bar?

Marjorie Cook without the giggles?

Carlyle Phippen doing some real work?

Billy Patterson and "Doug" Bell keep quiet and never
crack a smile for five minutes when among the girls?

Duncan with that little bunch of hair parted in the middle?

An Assault-at-Arms every week?

The Athletic Association out of debt?

(By gar, it's not a dream, the A. A. doesn't owe a cent.)

Oh, My

He—"Will you marry me?"

She—"Do you think you could keep me in clothes?"

He—"That's the first thing I'd try to do."

—Exchange.

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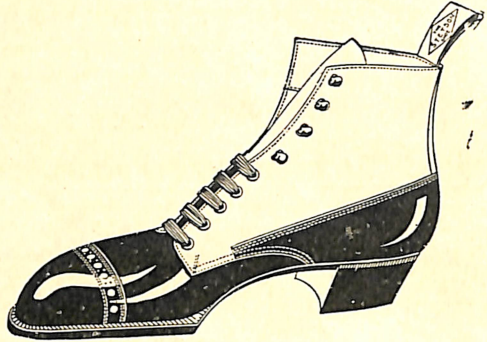
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Ten Commandments of a Student

I. Thou shalt not crib, neither shalt thou consult thy neighbor's paper as to what he has cribbed nor anything which is written in a book.

II. Thou shalt not steal what thou can not carry away—the library, nor chemistry laboratory nor the noise about dismissal time.

III. Thou shalt not throw the noiseless erasers nor talk when the teacher hath left the room.

IV. Thou shalt not whistle in the halls because the teachers liketh it not.

V. Thou shalt not enjoy thyself in life but shall grind.

VI. Thou shalt not pass any note while the teacher looketh, for the office is too near.

VII. Thou shalt not make any graven images upon thy desk because it is unchristian.

VIII. Thou shalt not covet the Freshman's ignorance.

IX. Thou shalt not call thyself up by telephone.

X. Thou shalt not do any of these things but above all, thou shalt not whisper for the faculty are too inquisitive. Therefore, let it be written: “Thou shalt not live.” —ALUMNUS.

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